

MARVEL
COMICS



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DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

A
BULLET
FOR
THE
PUNISHER



WEEKS
1901

50
YEARS



OF
CAPTAIN AMERICA
1941 - 1991

A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT STOLE HIS SIGHT, BUT, INCREDIBLY, IT ENDOVED YOUNG MATT MURDOCK WITH RADAR VISION AND HEIGHTENED SENSES. ARMED ONLY WITH HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS, BILLY CLUB, AND INDOMITABLE COURAGE, MATT BATTLES INJUSTICE AS A CRIMSON-CLAD GLADIATOR!

Stan
Lee
PRESENTS:

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

A MADMAN'S DRIVING DOWN SIXTH AVENUE TONIGHT, LAUGHING OUT A PROMISE TO SEE ME DEAD.

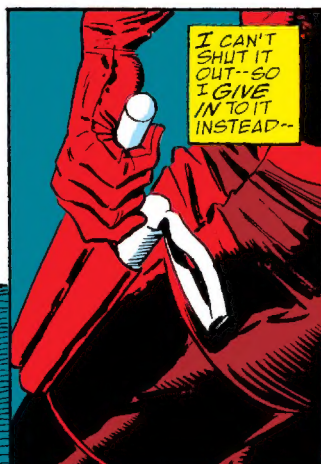


THE SOUND, ALL THE SOUNDS EVERYWHERE.

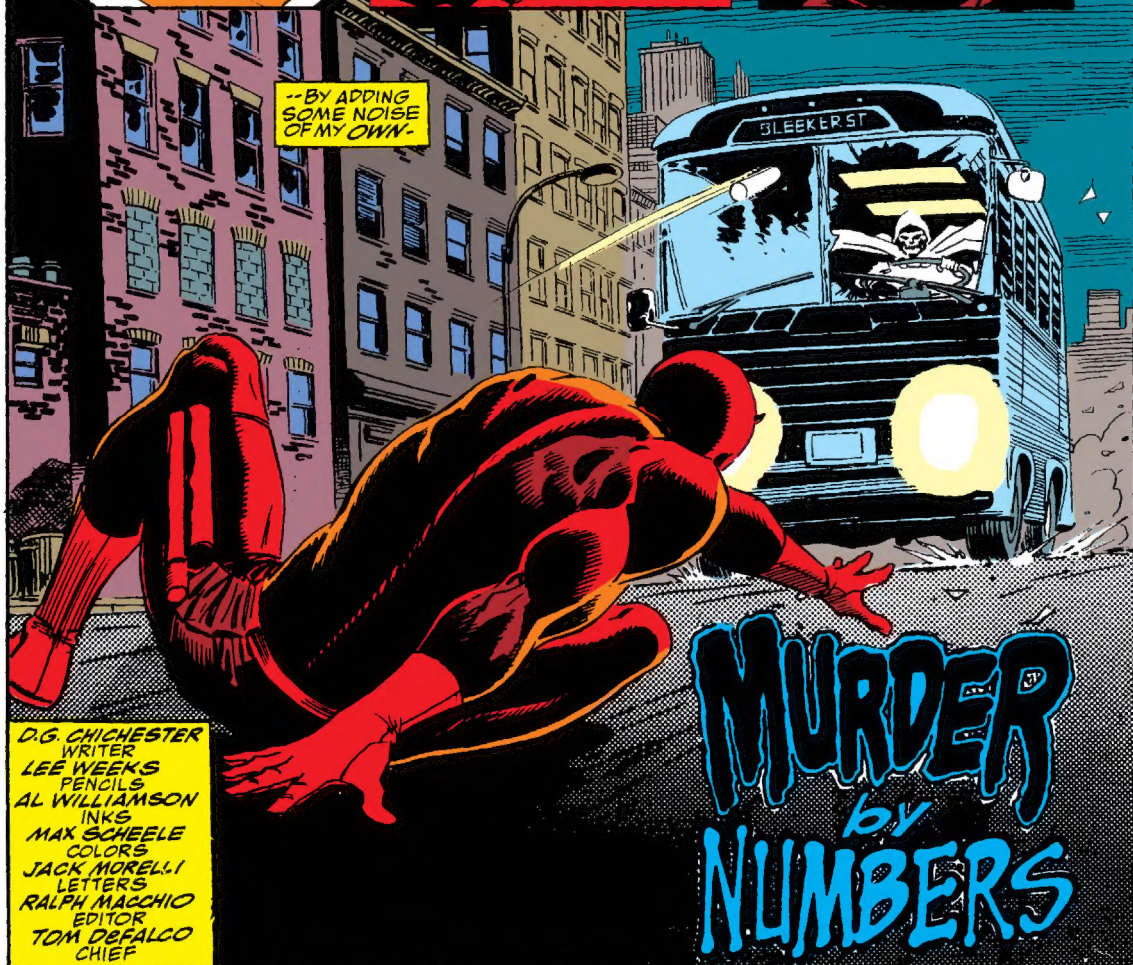


TASKMASTER'S HOWLS, THE ROAR OF THE BUS ENGINE--A CACOPHONY OF DESTRUCTION FLOODING MY HYPER-ACUTE HEARING.

I CAN'T SHUT IT OUT--SO I GIVE IN TO IT INSTEAD--



--BY ADDING SOME NOISE OF MY OWN--



MURDER by NUMBERS

D.G. CHICHESTER
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LEE WEEKS
PENCILS
AL WILLIAMSON
INKS
MAX SCHEELE
COLORS
JACK MORELLI
LETTERS
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EDITOR
TOM DEBALCO
CHIEF



IT'S ONLY A WHISPER IN THE GREATER PANDEMONIUM--



SON OF A--

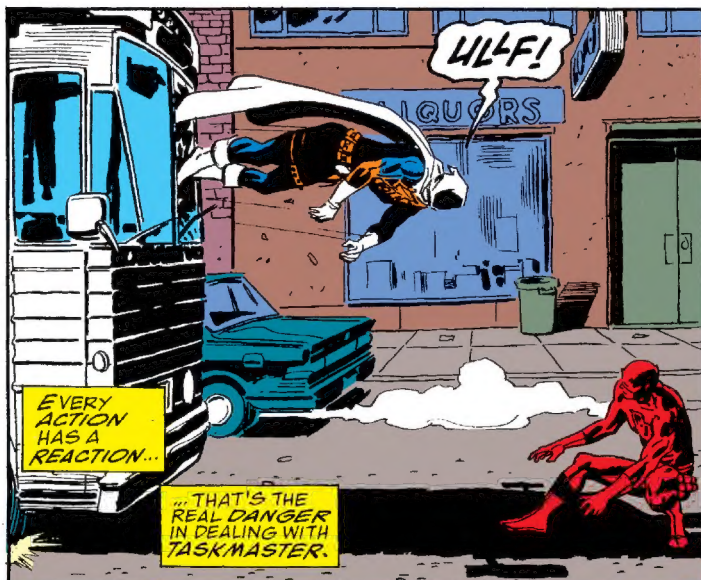
--BUT IT'S IN PERFECT HARMONY WITH THE POP OF THE CLUTCH, THROWING THE BUS OUT OF GEAR--



YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, TOMBSTONE--NOW IT'S MY WAY!

HUR!

--AND BRINGING THIS JOYRIDE TO A SUDDEN STOP.



UHF!

EVERY ACTION HAS A REACTION...

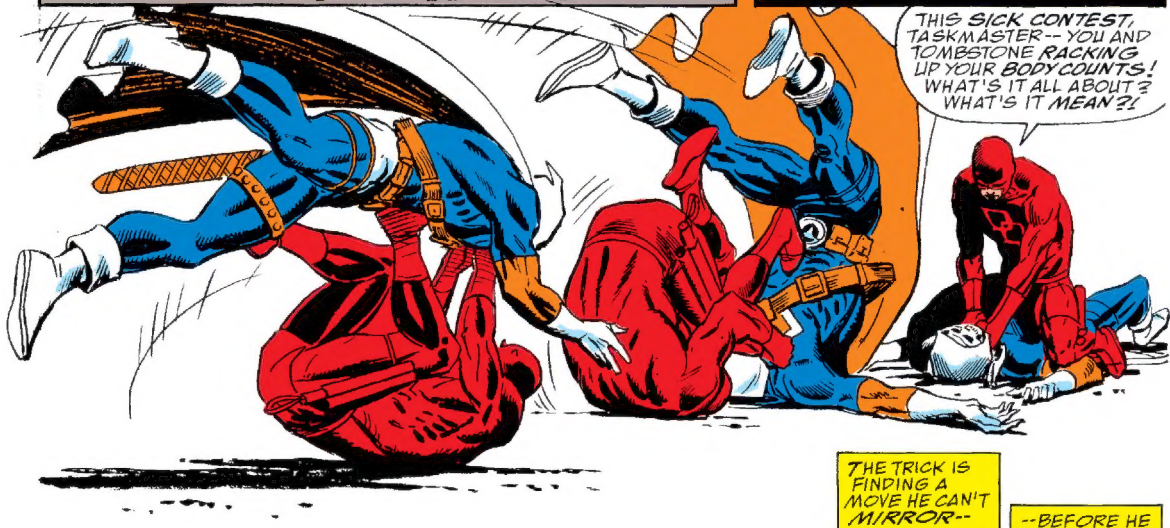
...THAT'S THE REAL DANGER IN DEALING WITH TASKMASTER.



COME TO POPPA.

HIS SKILL AT NEAR-INSTANTLY DUPLICATING THE ACTIONS OF THOSE AROUND HIM...

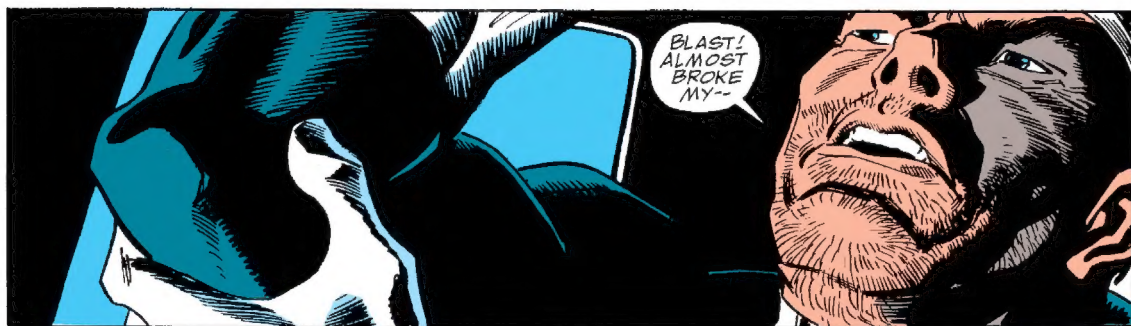
...PREDICTABLE UNPREDICTABILITY.

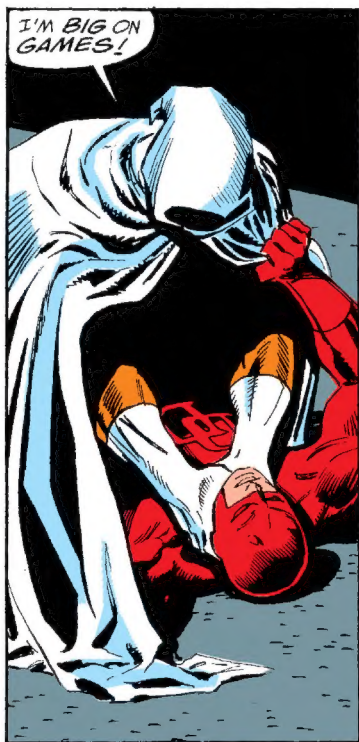
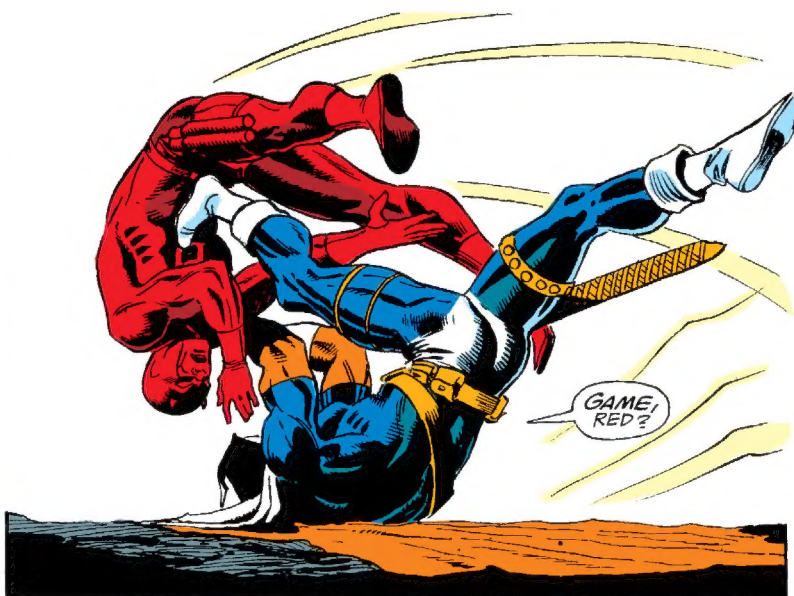


THIS SICK CONTEST, TASKMASTER-- YOU AND TOMBSTONE RACKING UP YOUR BODY COUNTS! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT? WHAT'S IT MEAN?

THE TRICK IS FINDING A MOVE HE CAN'T MIRROR--

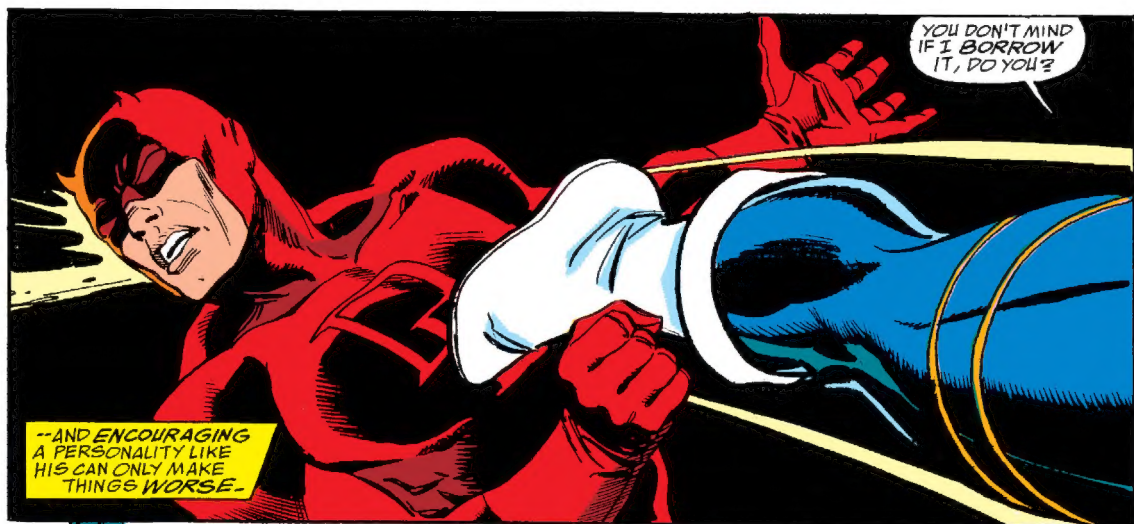
--BEFORE HE MANAGES TO TURN MY OWN TABLES ON ME.





I KNOW THIS KIND OF THING ONLY ENCOURAGES TASKMASTER--





YOU DON'T MIND IF I BORROW IT, DO YOU?

--AND ENCOURAGING A PERSONALITY LIKE HIS CAN ONLY MAKE THINGS WORSE--

THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT WITH OTHERS STILL AT RISK...

...WITH SO MANY LIVES--SO MANY FAMILIES, HOPES, LOVES--ALREADY LAID TO WASTE.

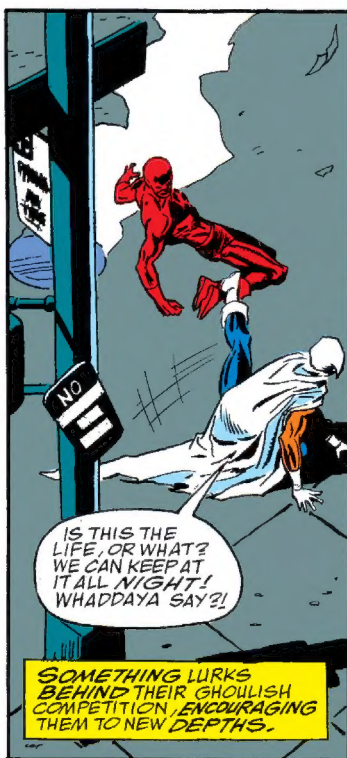
Oooo! AND THE FOLLOW THROUGH! I AM IMPRESSED!



NOW COME ON, RED-- YOU CAN ADMIT IT--

I IMPRESS YOU, TOO, DON'T I? JUST A LITTLE?

JUST TAKING DOWN TASKMASTER AND TOMBSTONE ISN'T ENOUGH ANYMORE.



IS THIS THE LIFE, OR WHAT? WE CAN KEEP AT IT ALL NIGHT! WHADDAYA SAY?!

SOMETHING LURKS BEHIND THEIR GHOULISH COMPETITION, ENCOURAGING THEM TO NEW DEPTHS.



IT NEEDS TO BE BROUGHT UP INTO THE LIGHT.

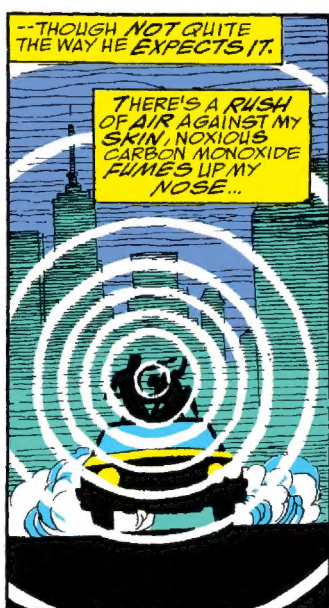
NOT IF I'VE GOT ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT...





YOUR MOVE
RED-- BUT
SOON TO BE
MINE!

I'M NOT GOING
TO ARGUE WITH
TASKMASTER. I'M
JUST GOING TO
GIVE HIM WHAT
HE WANTS...



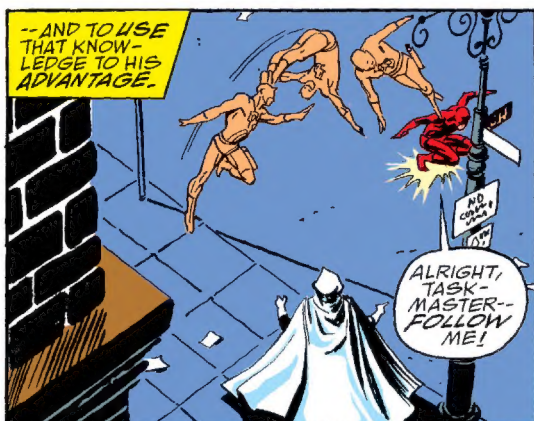
--THOUGH NOT QUITE
THE WAY HE EXPECTS IT.

THERE'S A RUSH
OF AIR AGAINST MY
SKIN. NOXIOUS
CARBON MONOXIDE
FUMES UP MY
NOSE...



...IT DOESN'T TAKE A
BLIND MAN TO KNOW
A CAB'S COMING
FAST.

BUT IT DOES TAKE ONE
WITH RADAR SENSE
TO TRACK WHERE IT'S
HEADED...



--AND TO USE
THAT KNOW-
LEDGE TO HIS
ADVANTAGE.

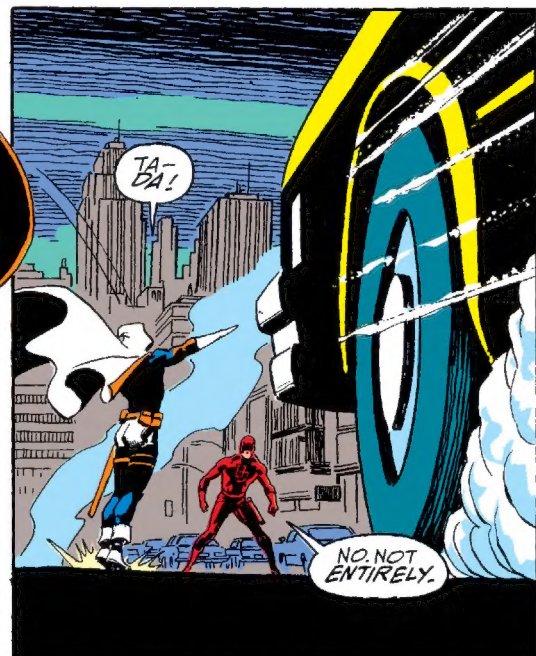
ALRIGHT,
TASK-
MASTER--
FOLLOW
ME!



THAT'S
THE
SPIRIT!

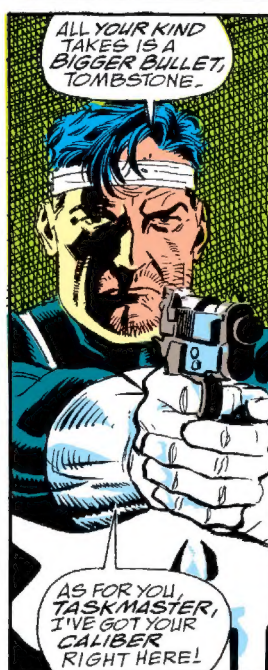
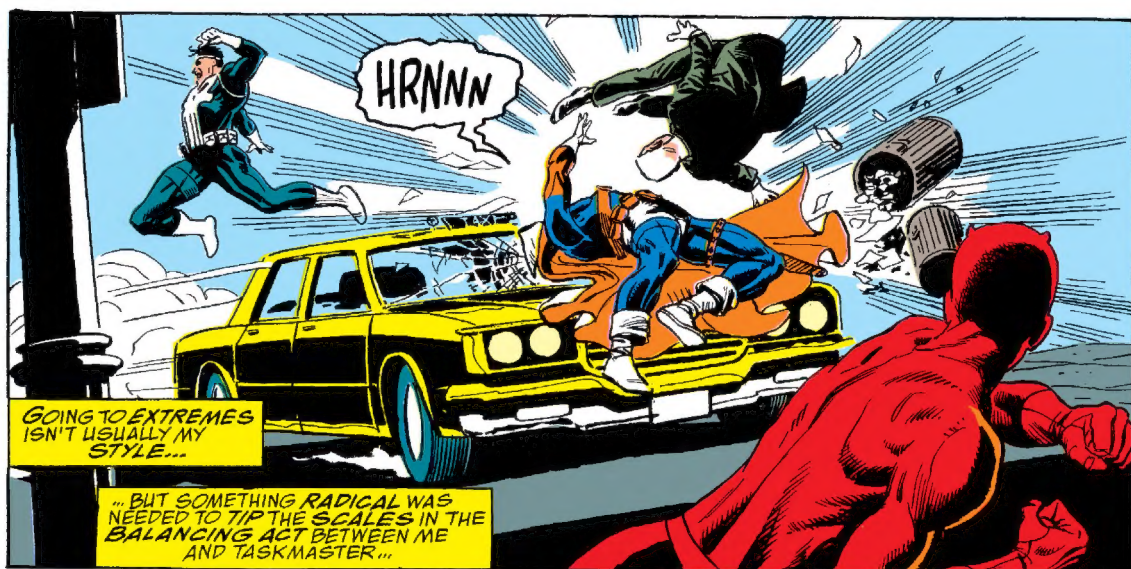


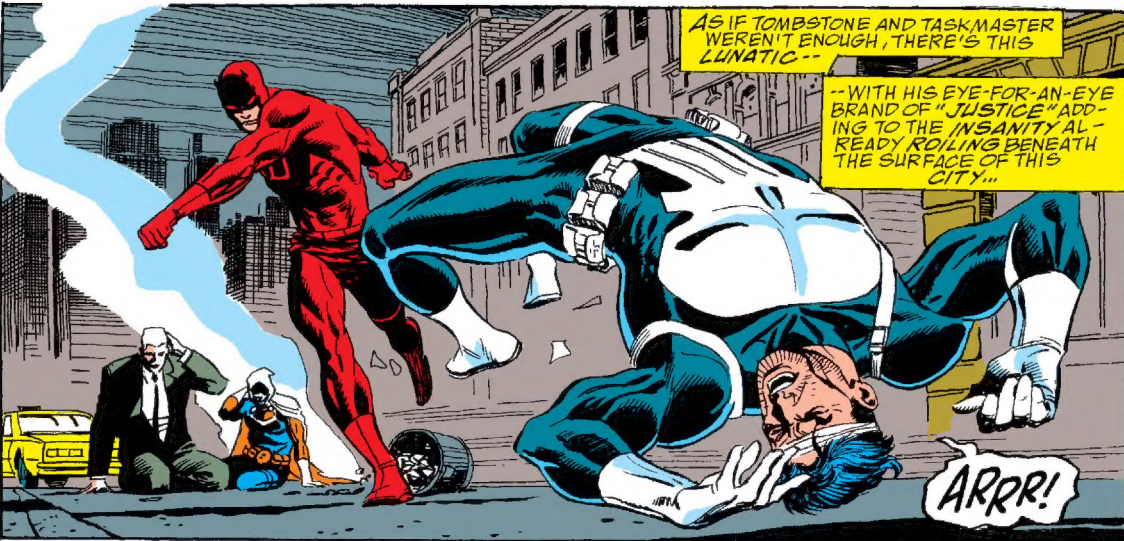
IMPRESSIVE,
RED, BUT
ENTIRELY
USELESS.



TA-
DA!

NO, NOT
ENTIRELY.





AS IF TOMBSTONE AND TASKMASTER
WEREN'T ENOUGH, THERE'S THIS
LUNATIC--

--WITH HIS EYE-FOR-AN-EYE
BRAND OF "JUSTICE" ADD-
ING TO THE INSANITY AL-
READY ROLLING BENEATH
THE SURFACE OF THIS
CITY...

ARRR!



... PUSHING ALL OF IT--
ALL OF US-- CLOSER
TO THE EDGE!

TASKMASTER'S
PRETTY CLOSE-
MOUTHED--WHAT
ABOUT YOU,
TOMBSTONE?

YOU MATTER
LESS TO ME
THAN PUNISHER
DID, DAREDEVIL.
I'VE GOT NOTH-
ING TO SAY!

WHO YOU
TRYIN' TO
FOOL, RED?
YOU'RE NO
KILLER...
RIGHT?



I MEAN,
C'MON...YOU
DON'T NAME
NAME'S
WITH THESE
KIND OF
PEOPLE
YOU--

SHUT UP..
TASKMASTER--
SHUT UP!



MAYBE
I'M NO
KILLER,
AND
MAYBE
I AM!

HEY, RED--
DAREDEVIL!
LET'S TALK!

I FEEL THE GUN
THROUGH MY GLOVE
--THE ROUGH
CROSSHATCHING,
THE TIGHT SPRING
OF IT'S TRIGGER--
IT'S A HORRIBLE
FEELING!

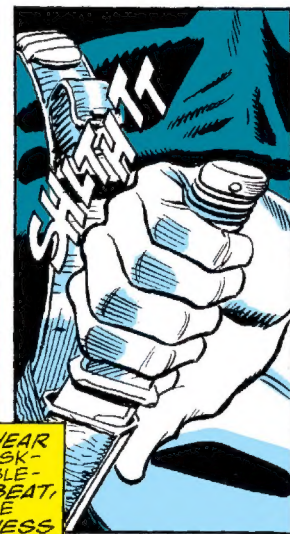


BUT THERE'S ONE
ROUND IN THE CHAM-
BER--ENOUGH TO
TEST THE THEORY
ON YOU.

NAME
NAMES.

RALPH'S

AND YET I CAN HEAR
THE FEAR IN TASK-
MASTER'S DOUBLE-
TIMED HEARTBEAT.
SMELL IT IN THE
BITTER SALTINESS
OF HIS SWEAT.



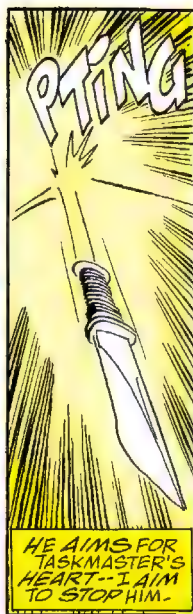
THE SUDDEN
SOUND OF
STEEL
SLIDING
AGAINST
LEATHER...

--OF AN ANIMAL
ON THE HUNT IN
THE JUNGLE--

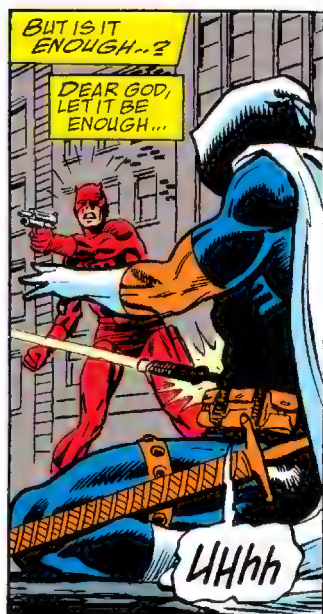
THPPTT



MY RADAR
FOLLOWS THE
PUNISHER'S
KNIFE AS IT
CUTS THROUGH
THE AIR--



HE AIMS FOR
TASKMASTER'S
HEART--I AIM
TO STOP HIM--



BUT IS IT
ENOUGH...?

DEAR GOD,
LET IT BE
ENOUGH...

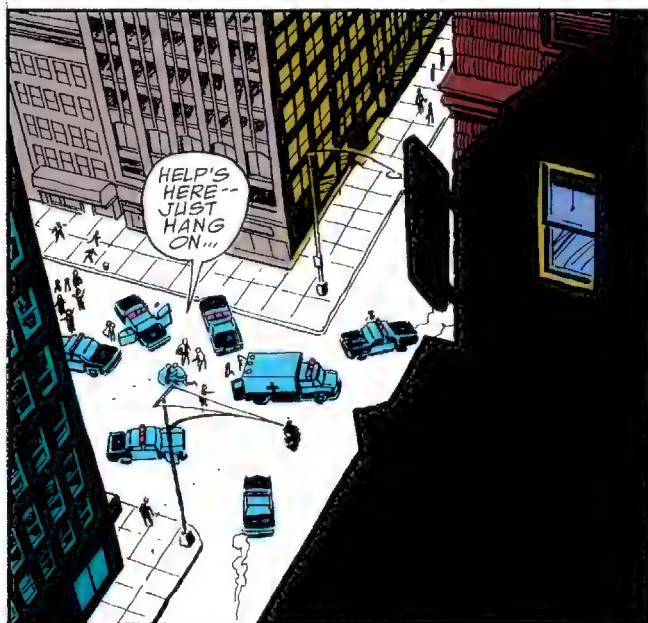
UHHH



HANG ON!

YOU'RE
OUT OF THE
GAME, TASK-
MASTER--BUT
I'VE STILL
GOT A CHANCE
TO WIN!

I'VE
STILL GOT
TO WIN...

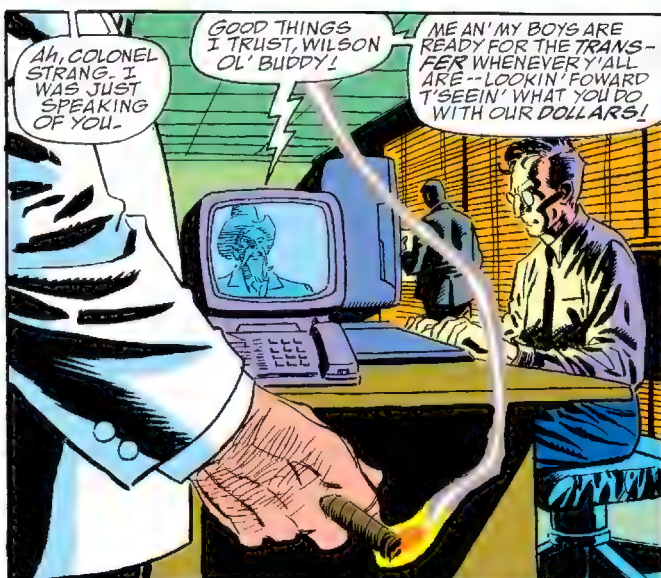


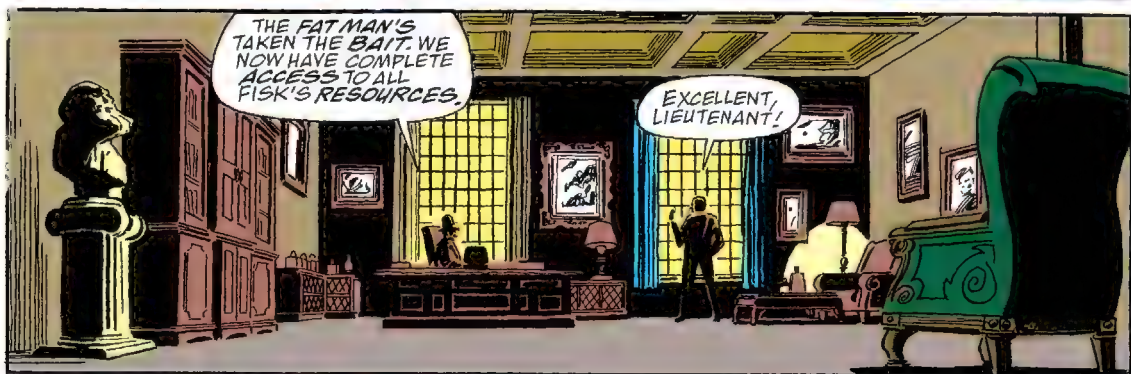
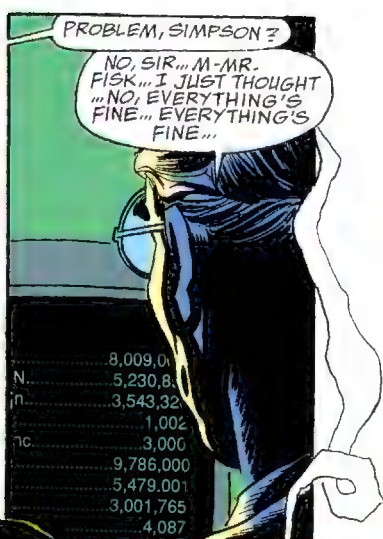
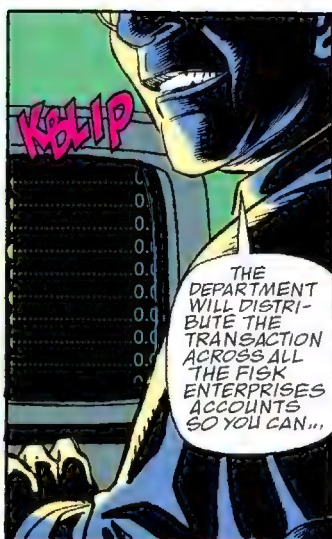
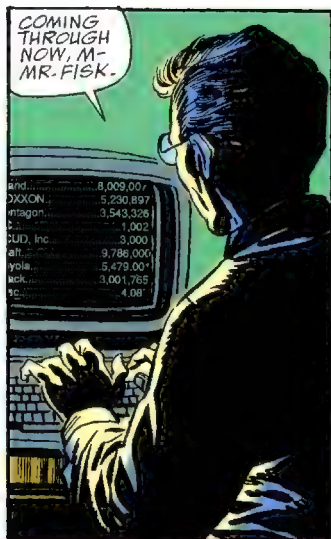
HELP'S
HERE--
JUST
HANG ON...



THIS
ISN'T
OVER,
DARE-
DEVIL--

FOR
THEM--
OR FOR
YOU.







BELLEVUE'S
THE PLACE
FOR CRAZIES.



THAT'S THE FIRST
THOUGHT THAT
COMES TO
ANYONE'S MIND
WHEN THEY HEAR
IT'S NAME,
ANYWAY.

BIG APPLE
CIRCUS
Grand Centre



IT'S MORE THAN
THAT, OF COURSE.

HELP ME...
I'M BLIND,
I'M LOST...
HELP ME
PLEASE...



REPUTATION ASIDE, IT'S
A FULL-FLEDGED CITY
HOSPITAL WITH ALL
THE FACILITIES FOR
THE SAFE AND
CERTIFIED HEALTH
TREATMENT OF THE ILL
AND INJURED.

AT LEAST, THAT'S
HOW THE STORY--

HEY--HEY,
IT'S OKAY, PAL!
I GOTCHA!

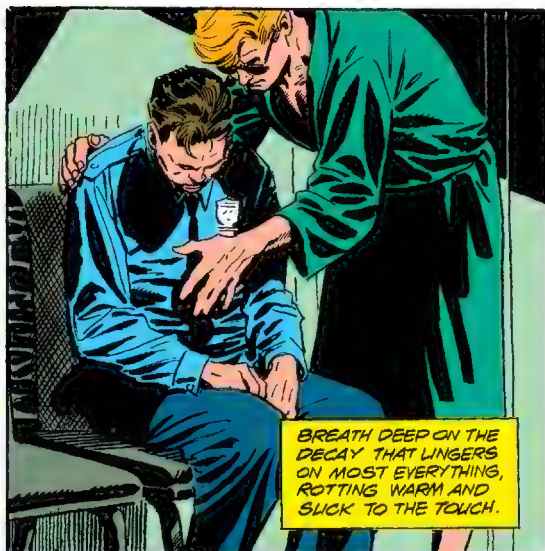
I'LL GETCHA
WHERE YOU
GOTTA--



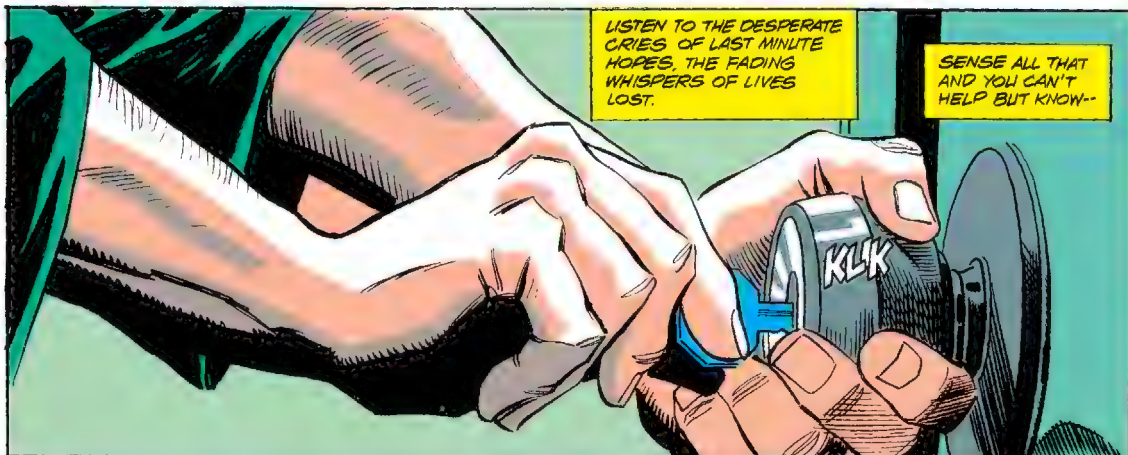
SORRY.

URRGF

BUT LOSE YOURSELF
IN ITS GOLD AND
GREY CORRIDORS.

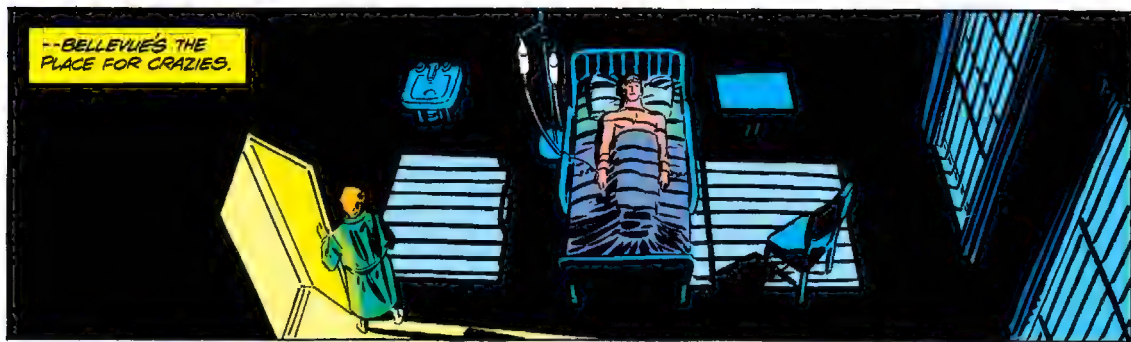


BREATH DEEP ON THE
DECAY THAT LINGERS
ON MOST EVERYTHING,
ROTTING WARM AND
SUCK TO THE TOUCH.



LISTEN TO THE DESPERATE
CRIES OF LAST MINUTE
HOPES, THE FADING
WHISPERS OF LIVES
LOST.

SENSE ALL THAT
AND YOU CAN'T
HELP BUT KNOW--



--BELLEVUE'S THE PLACE FOR CRAZIES.



I GET A QUICK RADAR IMPRESSION OF HIS FACE--

--RIDGES OF SCAR TISSUE, FEATURES PURPOSELY DISTENDED AND ALTERED--



--TASKMASTER'S PENCHANT FOR TAKING ON OTHER'S ATTRIBUTES OBVIOUSLY DOES END WITH JUST PHYSICAL SKILLS.



WAKE UP CALL.

THIS DOESN'T MAKE ME HAPPY, BUT WITH TOMBSTONE STILL OUT ON THE STREETS... AND THE PUNISHER AFTER HIM...

...THEY'RE EACH DESPERATE MEN-- AND THAT MEANS I HAVE TO RESORT TO DESPERATE MEASURES.



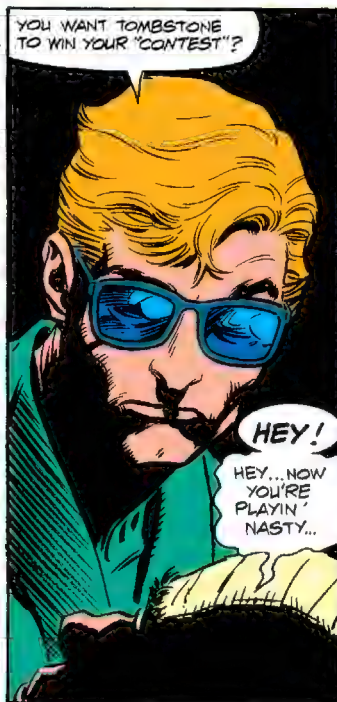
S'AT YOU, RED?

NICE, I DIDN'T S'PECT... NO VISITORS, Y'KNOW...



THIS ISN'T A SOCIAL CALL. YOU'RE GOING TO TALK-- ABOUT THE MURDERS.

MAYBE I'M NOT ONE TO SAY ANYTHIN' AGAINST REPEATIN' ONESELF... BUT GIVE IT A REST, RED...



YOU WANT TOMBSTONE TO WIN YOUR "CONTEST"?

HEY!

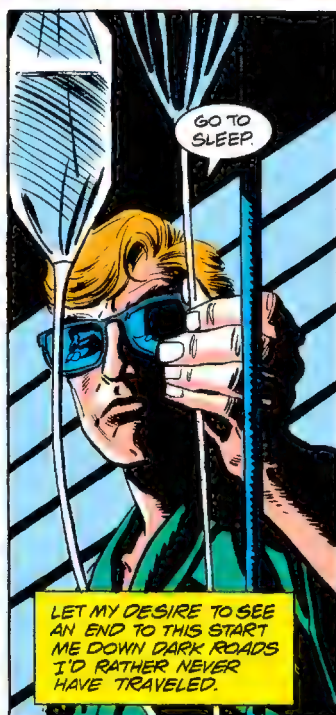
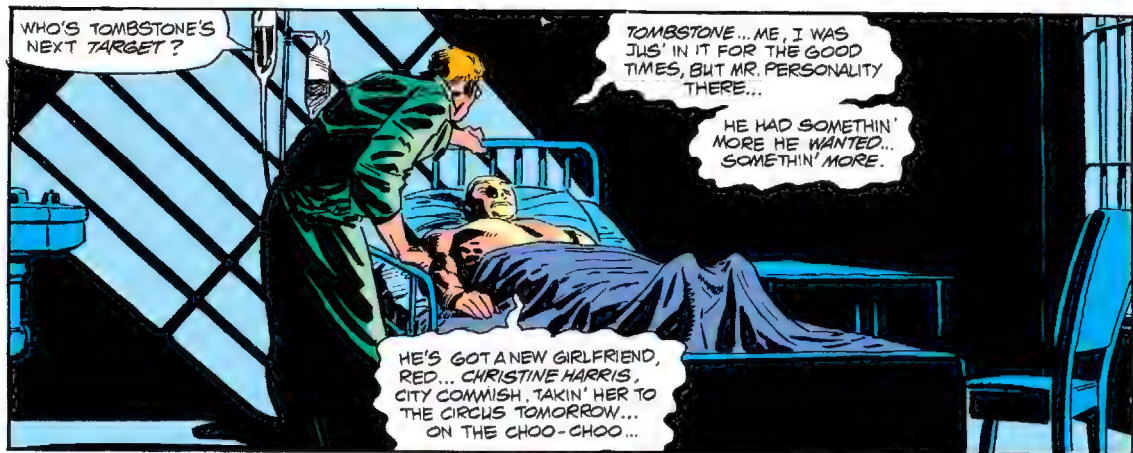
HEY... NOW YOU'RE PLAYIN' NASTY...

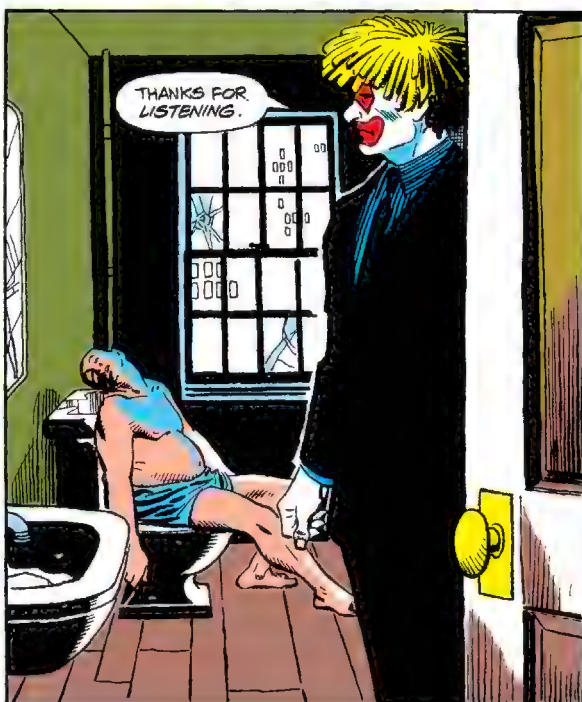
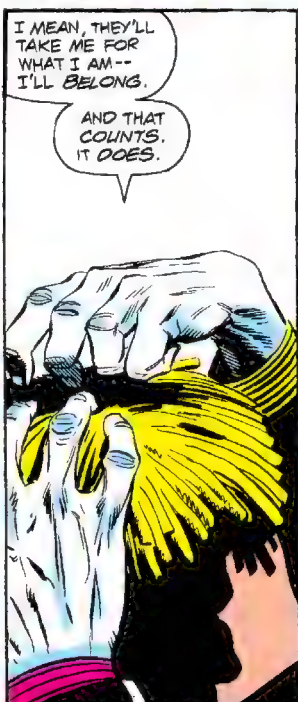
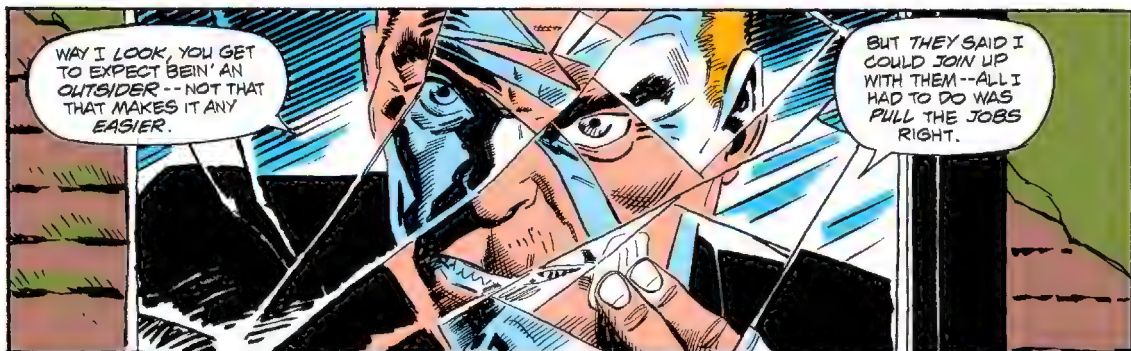
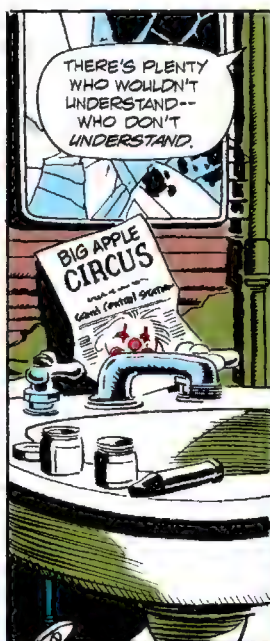


OKAY... S'LIKE THIS...

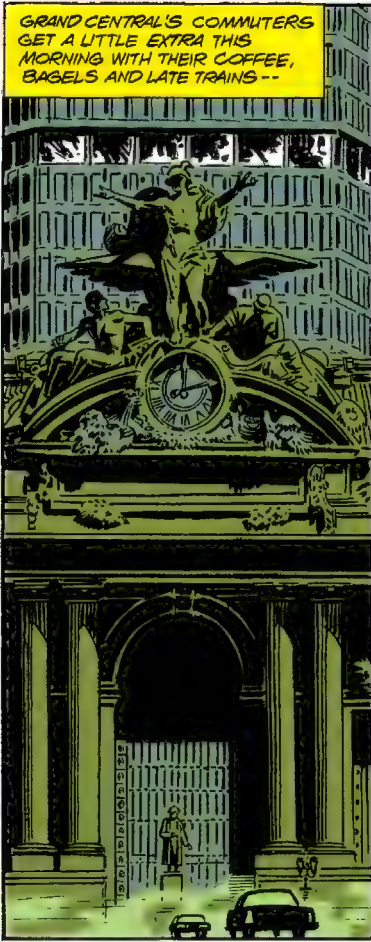
THE STIFFS... WEREN'T RANDOM. WE HAD WHENS, WHOS, AND HOWS... JUST SO...

WE MISSED EVEN ONE... AND WE WERE OUT...





GRAND CENTRAL'S COMMUTERS
GET A LITTLE EXTRA THIS
MORNING WITH THEIR COFFEE,
BAGELS AND LATE TRAINS--



--ONE OF THOSE
REASONS PEOPLE
STILL SAY, "ONLY
IN NEW YORK!"

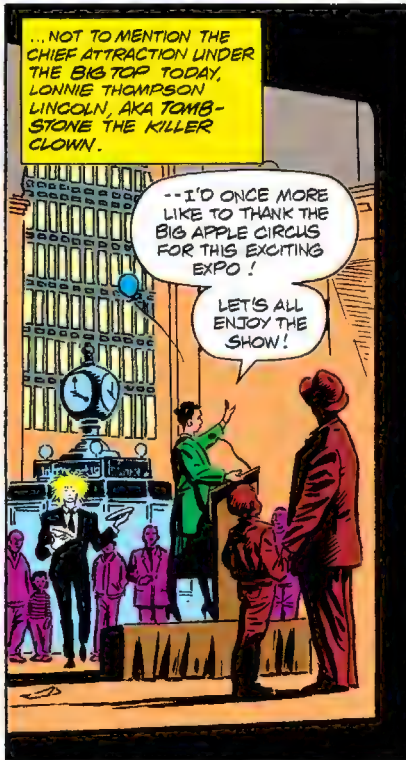


SO ON
BEHALF
OF THE
CITY OF
NEW
YORK--

THEY'RE ALSO
DUE A SPEECH
BY ONE CHRISTINE
HARRIS, CITY
CULTURAL AFFAIRS
COMMISSIONER...

BIG
PPLE
CIRCUS

...NOT TO MENTION THE
CHIEF ATTRACTION UNDER
THE BIG TOP TODAY,
LONNIE THOMPSON
LINCOLN, AKA TOMB-
STONE THE KILLER
CLOWN.



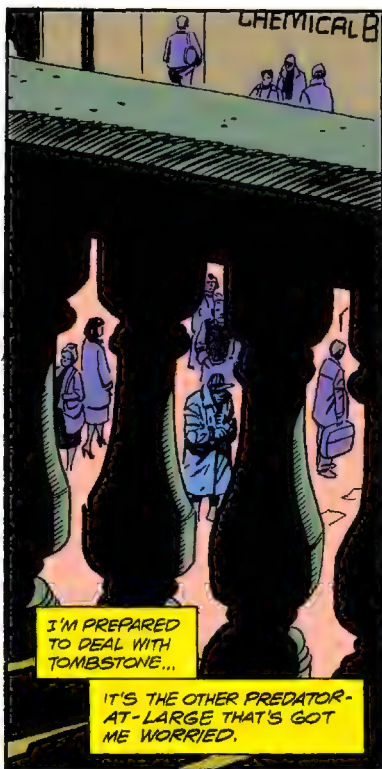
--I'D ONCE MORE
LIKE TO THANK THE
BIG APPLE CIRCUS
FOR THIS EXCITING
EXPO!

LET'S ALL
ENJOY THE
SHOW!

HYPERSENSIVES HELP ME
FIGURE HIS GAME, THE
SUGARY PIE FILLING A
CLOYING COVER FOR THE
HEADIER ODOR OF A
FAST-ACTING EPOXY
HIDDEN BENEATH THE
CREAM.



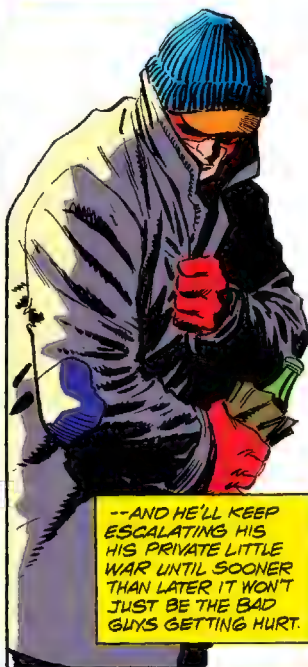
ONE IN THE FACE AND HARRIS'S
NOSE AND MOUTH ARE
SEALED, THE COMMISSIONER
CHOKING TO DEATH WHILE
INNOCENT BYSTANDERS LAUGH,
NEVER REALIZING THE SADISM
IN THE SLAPSTICK UNTIL TOO
LATE.



I'M PREPARED
TO DEAL WITH
TOMBSTONE...

IT'S THE OTHER PREDATOR-
AT-LARGE THAT'S GOT
ME WORRIED.

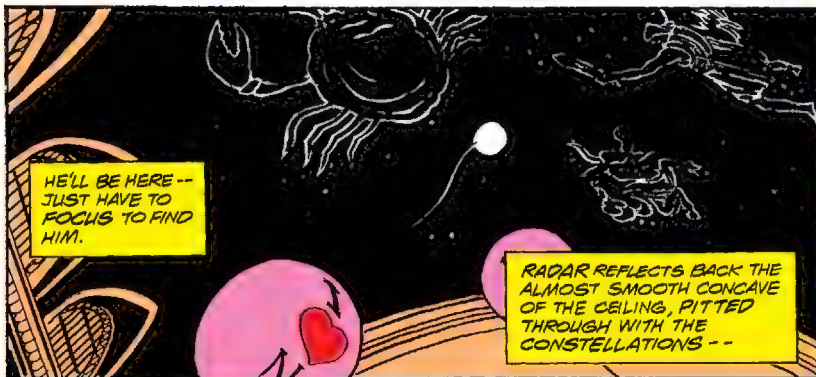
THE PUNISHER CAN
STRIKE ANYTIME,
ANYWHERE --



--AND HE'LL KEEP
ESCALATING HIS
PRIVATE LITTLE
WAR UNTIL SOONER
THAN LATER IT WON'T
JUST BE THE BAD
GUYS GETTING HURT.



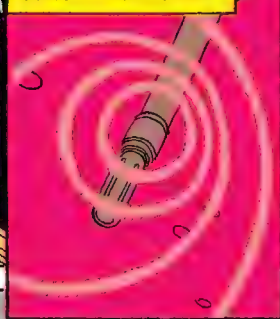
THE CITY SEES ENOUGH
BRUTALITY WITHOUT
SOME LAW-UNTO-HIMSELF
MAKING IT WORSE.



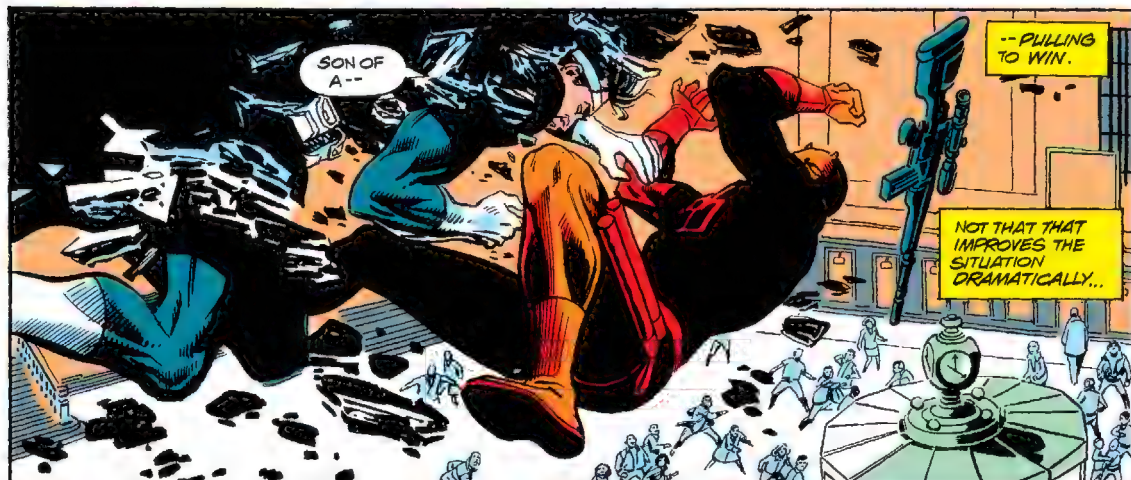
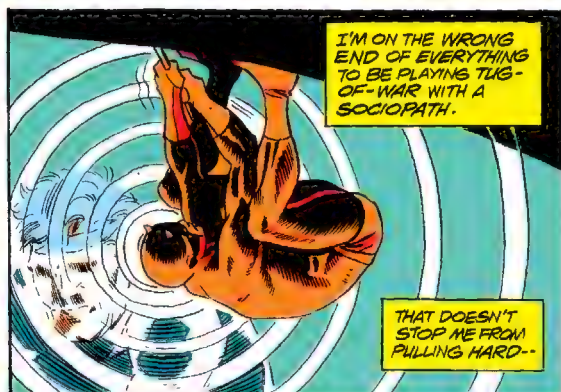
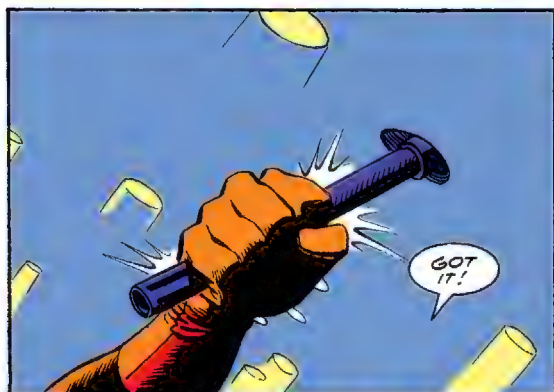
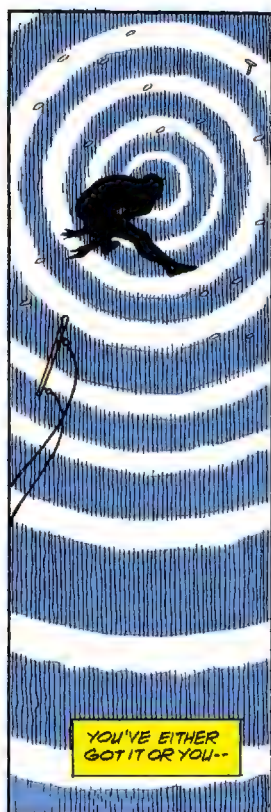
HE'LL BE HERE --
JUST HAVE TO
FOCUS TO FIND
HIM.

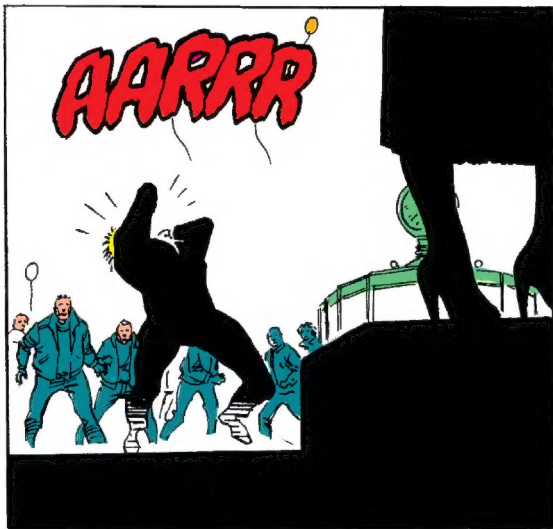
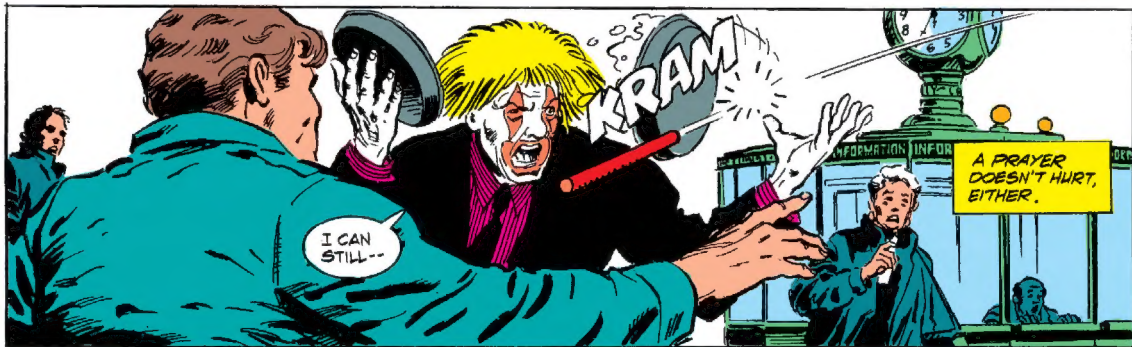
RADAR REFLECTS BACK THE
ALMOST SMOOTH CONCAVE
OF THE CEILING, PITTED
THROUGH WITH THE
CONSTELLATIONS --

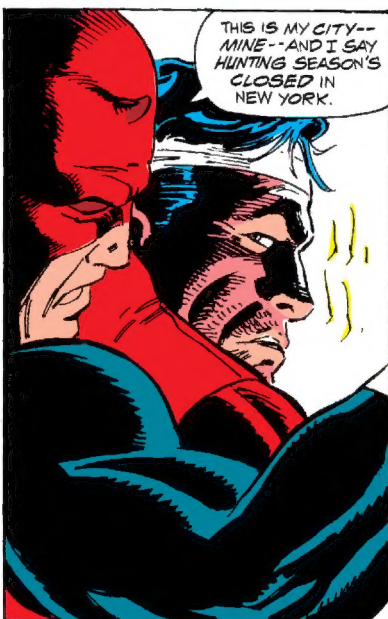
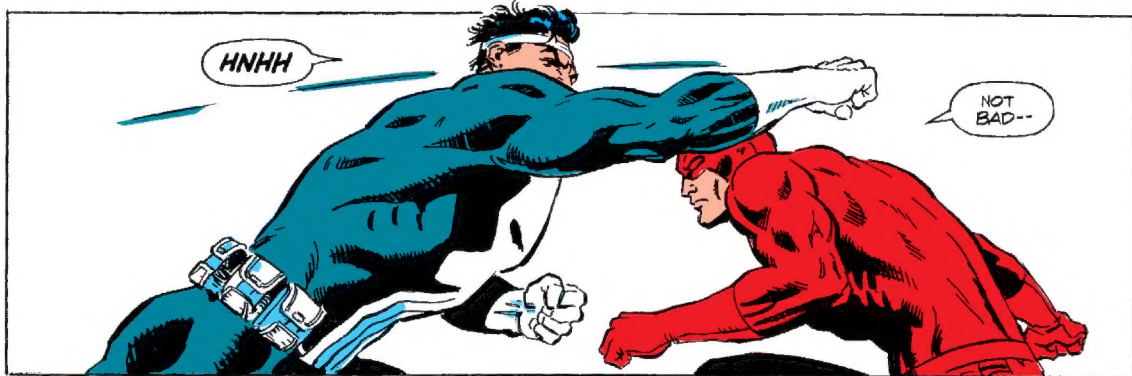
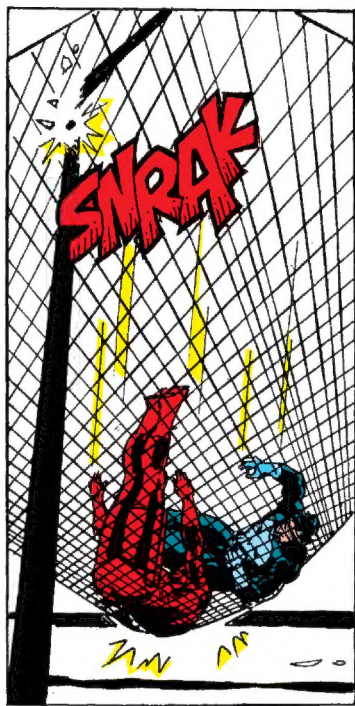
--AND SHINING DOWN
FROM THE MAN-MADE
HEAVENS, ONE DARK
STAR IN PARTICULAR.



I'VE ONLY GOT ONE SHOT
BEFORE THE PUNISHER
OPENS FIRE--









AS FOR TOMBSTONE, HIS EXTRA STRENGTH AND STAMINA FREED HIM OF HIS OWN FATAL FACEMASK-- I KNEW THEY WOULD --

-- BUT IT'S STILL A BROKEN MAN HUDDLED ON THE FLOOR OF THE GRAND CONCOURSE.



